



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

CURING CLOVER HAY.

Those who have had but little experience in haying, know that different kinds of plants which we use for forage require different management in order to prepare them in the best manner for hay. Thus clover requires a very different process to cure it rightly from that required by herds grass or many other grasses. It has a very different structure. It has a large hard stem and broad leaves. If exposed to the hot sun, the leaves which are thin, will dry entirely up and fall off long before the woody stem is dried, and the fodder is ruined.

It should therefore be cured in the shade, and in order to do this, a short time after it is cut and become wilted it should be pitched into cocks containing two or three hundred in weight and suffered to remain several days. If it should rain in the meantime, some hay caps should be put on, but taken off as soon as the rain ceases. It will be a good plan to put the fork in and lighten them up after they have stood two or three days. This will allow a little more circulation of air. A change comes on in the sap or juices of the plant. There is a slow evaporation of the more watery particles and what remains becomes of course thicker; the branches and leaves instead of becoming brittle, are somewhat toughened and retain their color, and instead of shattering to pieces retain their form as well as their fragrance, and the best part of their juices. A little judgment should be exercised as to the time it should be put into the barn. If too green when stowed away, a fermentation will take place and the heat will cause an escape of vapor and of gases, and the whole will become musty and sour and but a small portion of nutriment will be left.

RHUBARB WINE.

People think they must occasionally have a little wine, to be used in cases of debility, if no other time, but the many gross frauds and dishonest adulterations palmed off under the name of wine, make it somewhat dangerous to use such as is kept for sale at the present day. The safest way is to depend upon some of the domestic manufactured wines, such as currant, or gooseberry, or rhubarb, which we know contain no deleterious drugs or poisons. Within a few years it has been proved that the stalks of rhubarb afford a very good sort of wine if it be properly prepared.

The North Western Prairie Farmer says that the idea of manufacturing wine from the plant, originated with B. P. Cahoon, of Kenosha, Wis., and gives the following directions for manufacturing it—Mix equal parts of water with the juice of the stalks, and to each gallon add three pounds of fair quality New Orleans sugar; put in casks, which should be full, and refine it with isinglass, and allow it to remain in them till spring. It may then be bottled. By adding or diminishing the quantity of sugar, you will vary the strength of the wine in the same proportions.

The pure juice without water makes a very strong wine by using four pounds of sugar to each gallon. It will be seen that the process is exactly the same as that used in making wine from currants or other berries which have been in use in families all over the country for the manufacture of beverages called wine. The advantage of the rhubarb is, that it affords a greater quantity of juice than any other plant, and it is a better quality than any but grape juice for the manufacture of domestic wine. It will also afford an abundance of cheap and good vinegar.

The P. Farmer also states that Mr. G. Lewis, last season, made from an eighth of an acre 400 gallons. I consider it a fair estimate that 2500 gallons can be made from an acre of well cultivated roots, and that the cost per gallon to the manufacturer will be about 40 cents.

We see by the "Gardener's Monthly" for July, that Mr. J. Ebelby, of Cincinnati, has manufactured some excellent champagne from the rhubarb wine. This is probably done by filtering the juice through charcoal to make it clear, and bottling it at the right stage of its fermentation to confine the carbonic acid gas in it.

RAISING GRAPES IN POTS.

The Gardener's Monthly for July, recommends a more general practice of raising grapes in pots, and we think well of the system. By this mode you can graduate your operations to suit your convenience, you can have a grape of any extent you please from one, the size of a clove to that of hundreds of feet in length; you can pull them whenever you please and in the winter pack them away where you please, and as long as you please, and bring them out when you please, and force them to early maturity or not, as you please.

The Editor, speaking of a visit he made to the garden of D. Ferguson, Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia, says "Mr. F. is one of the earliest advocates of growing grape vines in pots. We found here one large house completely filled with healthy vines, in twelve and fourteen inch pots, making their growth for next season. In another house we found an enormous crop, which we think has never been equalled anywhere, in the same space and at the same cost. The building was but 32 by 11, and cost in its erection \$125. It contained 80 vines, and from an estimate we made, bore at least 300 pounds of grapes. One row of plants had been turned out of the pots into a rough wooden box against the back wall, and were trained over the path-way, meeting those in pots on the other side, forming an archway through the house, of great beauty, and as a lover of good fruit, we cannot help adding of great interest."

GUM CATCHEU FOR TANNING.

An Illinois writer in the Prairie Farmer, states that he has used the Terra Japonica, or Cathechu, for tanning, and that it works like a charm. He asks whether the tree or shrub from which the gum is extracted, can be raised in this country?

STATE AG. SOCIETIES.

The following is a list of the various State and Provincial Agricultural Societies, with the names and addresses of the Secretaries, and the times and places for holding the several shows, during the coming fall, so far as we have been able to obtain them. It will be noticed that the list is not complete. In some instances the name of the Secretary is not given, and in others the location and date of the Show are lacking. We feel desirous of supplying the omissions in our list, and hope the several Agricultural papers in the Union and Provinces will assist us in doing so, by republishing it with such additions and corrections as they may be able to make.

United States—B. Perley Moore, Washington, D. C. Secretary, Chicago, Sept. 12.

Alabama—N. B. Cloud, Montgomery, Nov. 15—18.

California—O. C. Wheeler, Sacramento, Sept. 13.

Connecticut—H. A. Dyer, Hartford.

Georgia (So. Central)—Jas. Canak, Athens, at Atlanta, Oct. 24—26.

Illinois—J. Francis, Springfield, at Freeport, Sept. 5—9.

Indiana—J. H. Dillon, at New Albany, Sept. 26—29.

Iowa—J. H. Wallace, Muscatine, at Ocala, Sept. 27.

Kentucky—W. D. Gallagher, Louisville, at Lexington, Sept. 13—16.

Maine—E. Holmes, Winthrop, at Augusta, Sept. 13—16.

Maryland—S. Sands, Baltimore, at Frederick city, Oct. 20—23.

Massachusetts—E. W. Paige, Boston.

Michigan—J. C. Holmes, Lansing, at Detroit Oct. 2—5.

New Hampshire—J. C. Wingate, Dover, (7), Oct. 5—7.

New Jersey—M. M. Foxe, Trenton, at Elizabeth, Sept. 13—16.

New York—B. P. Jones, Albany, at Albany, Oct. 4—7.

North Carolina—W. D. Cook, Raleigh, at Raleigh, Sept. 13—16.

South Carolina—R. L. Gage, Fair Forest, at Columbia, Nov. 8—11.

Ohio—H. Kilpatrick, Cincinnati, at Zanesville, Sept. 20—23.

Pennsylvania—A. Boyd, Hamilton, Philadelphia, at Fallowell, Sept. 27—30.

Rhode Island—W. K. Staples, Providence.

Tennessee—At Nashville, Oct. 10.

Vermont—Chas. Cummings, Brattleboro', at Burlington, Sept. 13—16.

Virginia—D. J. Powers, Madison, at Milwaukee.

Wisconsin—D. J. Powers, Madison, at Milwaukee.

Canada—Wm. D. Cook, Burlington, Toronto, at Kingston, Sept. 27—30.

THE TIME FOR CUTTING GRASS.

Hon. Rufus McIntire, of Parsonsfield, in this state, writes as follows to the Boston Cultivator:

It is time to think of the question of what is the true state of the grass when to be cut for hay. Late years, writers in agricultural papers generally recommend to mow when the grass is in blossom, and before the seed is formed hard. I am unable to speak from the result of any actual experiment, but from long observation and familiarity with the subject, I do not subscribe to that opinion.

Grass cut before the seed fills, withers and shrinks, and thus much of the crop is lost. If well cured and saved in the sap, cattle will eat it with avidity, but it does not appear to me to be hearty and substantial, like hay that has more maturity and substance, and has a very appreciable quantity of provender in the seed. I do not mean that the grass should be part ripe and stalk and leaf dried before mowing, but the seed should be well formed—as far advanced as when the kernel is in the doughy state.

Hay made from grass so ripe has more body to it, less loss in making, and will be all readily eaten by the stock. I have seen early cut hay fed to stock in the spring and to scour them like being turned into green feed. As food, it seemed flashy and wanting in heart and substance. There did not appear to be any economy in thus making and using hay. These remarks apply, however, more to herds grass, red top and other seed-bearing kinds, rather than to clover, which matures little or no seed in the first crop, and the stalk or straw is weak and feeble and liable to injury by laying on the ground; but even clover may be cut too early to make the most valuable quantity of hay.

Our season is wet and rather cold for corn, but is very promising for hay and other things generally. There is a most unaccountable appearance of clover in old bound fields, where none has been grown for years. We can hardly fail to have the largest and most valuable crop of hay we have had for many years. The fine clover in the old fields cannot but improve the quality of the crop.

ONE WAY TO PLANT CORN.

A correspondent of the Homestead gives a specimen of most ingenious farming, practiced by a farmer in Connecticut. That state abounds in ingenious men, and good farmers, but we think there can be but few found there or anywhere else that can beat this case. The writer says—"The farmer referred to is in possession of three hundred acres of land of the average quality, and yet for several years has not raised sufficient corn to fatten a pig or keep half a dozen fowls. His last year's crop of potatoes are not yet dug, and he kept his cider apples until frozen. This year he has begun with new zeal, and is determined to have a crop of corn, and has planted on a lot leased to a neighbor last year. To save plowing, to save carting manure, and to get the benefit of last years furrowing and manuring, and to get in an early crop, he set his man to go ahead and pull the old stocks out of the hill, and he followed with seed and hoe and planted in the old hills."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BULL.

In No. 27 of the Farmer, Mr. Chamberlain described a disease which affected his Devon. This has elicited the following communications:

Mr. Editor:—The disease of Mr. Chamberlain's sick Devon bull, is inflammation on the brain. Evidently in the neck; bathe the head, bleed and nose with sharp vinegar; rowl in the side of the neck, back of the ear; rowl bismuth with onion juice; shower the head with cold water early every morning. Follow this eight or ten days, and the Devon will be out of danger, I think. Let us know.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Editor:—I do not profess to be much of a veterinarian, but I think friend Chamberlain's bull has strong symptoms of the horned. He can ascertain that fact by boring the horn on the under side within one or two inches of the head. If the horns are hollow, bore on the top side as far from the head as to hit the top of the pith. Plug up the first hole and turn in sweet oil, and then keep both holes plugged tight. Rub turpentine on the back of the head, and give one heaping tea spoonful of sulphur once a day for one week.

BLACK ANTS. Ground coffee is recommended as a remedy. Scatter it about on shelves, etc., where they frequent.

THE POTATO CROP OF 1858 IN PENOBSCOT AND PISCATAQUIS COUNTIES.

By the politeness of Mr. James Bennett, of the firm of Bennett, Darling & Co., of Boston, I have been furnished with the following statistics of the potatoes sold and shipped in Bangor, of the crop of 1858. They are all raised in these two counties, although all that are shipped, are not sent from this port; large quantities are sent from Frankfort, and perhaps from other places.

Of the crop of 1858, one hundred thousand bushels have been shipped from the port of Bangor. Of these, fifty thousand were by G. B. Robinson, of East Market Square, to Bennett, Darling & Co., of Boston; twenty-five thousand by J. Crocker, to Charles Kimball, Boston; five thousand by T. F. Finson & Co.; three thousand by O. Tyler; five thousand by Rich & Durgin; two thousand by Ferris & Webb; ten thousand by J. Dowd; and about five thousand bushels by other parties which went to Baltimore.

Mr. Bennett estimates, that had it not been for the scarcity of hay in the spring in these two counties, at least 25,000 bushels more would have been brought to Bangor market. The average price has been forty-five cents per bushel. The 100,000 bushels which have been sold amount to \$45,000, and the 125,000 bushels which would have been sold, but for scarcity of hay would have amounted to \$56,250. This is quite a sum of money to be distributed among the farmers of these two counties for the single article of potatoes, to say nothing of the large quantities sold for domestic consumption.

The potato crop in this vicinity is next in importance to the hay, and may easily be made of more importance than even that. "Down East," that is, the eastern part of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Islands, will continue to be the great potatoe field of all the New England coast beyond Portland; and also to some extent of New York and farther south. The Penobscot river country is more favorably situated than any other locality to make potatoes raising profitable.

Mr. Bennett, who has been for many years engaged in the potato business in Boston, says that the market for good potatoes in that city and vicinity is, and will continue to be sure and certain, and at a high price. Being connected with Boston during all the summer by daily steam communication, the farmers can avail themselves of the best condition of the market, and the freight being but eight cents per bushel, whilst from the Provinces it is 12½ cents, the farmers of Penobscot have an advantage over those farther east, of 4½ cents per bushel, which, in a crop of 1000 bushels, amounts to forty-five dollars, besides usually an equal advantage by being in the vicinity of the market.

It is of the first importance that farmers raise a good variety of potatoes. The Jackson potatoes are very generally raised in the vicinity of Bangor, and for this reason Penobscot potatoes are No. 1 in Boston. Mr. Bennett says that none other should be raised, or offered in the market. That if the farmers would adhere to this rule, Bangor potatoes would soon be sought for in preference to all others in the market.

Another idea suggested by Mr. Bennett which he wants all the farmers to remember, and if they have failed this year, to be sure and remember it next, is, the public want large, fair, and smooth potatoes; and the way to obtain them, as well as to raise a large crop, is to seed light. We say that three, or at the outside, not over four bushels of Jackson potatoes are seed enough for an acre.

Some farmers plant eight or ten bushels to the acre, and the consequence is, their crops are small, comparatively, and the potatoes are also small and poor. Be sure and seed light, and you will have a large and good crop.

Mr. Bennett has bought potatoes in this market several years. He has given a permanency and regularity to the business which it did not before possess. He has entirely abolished the constant, and great fluctuation in the price, which before prevailed, and which is so annoying and disastrous to the farmer. When the farmer now leaves home some twenty miles off, he knows about what he is going to get for his potatoes. Any man who knows that he can get a fair price of the agent of Bennett, Darling & Co., even if no one else wishes to buy. After the first week in July, the business of shipping will nearly cease for a few weeks, until the new crop shall come off, although Mr. Robinson, their agent, will be ready to purchase any small lots which may be offered through the season.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

PROGRESS IN MAINE—FINE HORSES.

Mr. Editor:—Your pioneer paper is cheered by some progress in locomotion even if the Aroostook Railroad is delayed (not defeated). Your frequent notices of horses now introduced for breeding a higher grade of roadsters, interests me much. Why should not Maine produce the purest horses in the world? She can and ought to do it, even if it is the work of time. I wish to speak of efforts in this part of the State that deserve encouragement.

Mr. William Lawrence came to Saccarappa from Massachusetts some five or six years ago, bringing a noble horse known as Old Boston, also a colt of his, Young Boston, then one year old. From these he has bred till now he has a dozen, more or less, of the descendants varying from one to four years old. The Old and Young Boston have stood mainly in Massachusetts, where the sire had won a fame that still requires his services in Boston and vicinity. Old Boston is now 19 years old, but with all the fire and energy of his youth, and with a beauty of form and color and grace of movement rarely seen. Young Boston, now seven years old, is a fine comment on his sire. He is thorough bred Morgan, or nearly so; no cross with other blood for some generations. His sire was Billy Button; g. sire supposed to be Bucephalus. Young Boston is dark bay, with this wonderful tenacity. He is about 16 hands high—weighs about 1000 lbs. He took the first premium at the Norfolk County Fair, at Dedham, in 1858, having for his competitor, beside numerous other fine horses, the far-famed Sultan, which took the first premium at the National Fair, in Springfield, in 1857. A careful

examination of these horses leads one to wish that their services may be so appreciated as to retain them permanently in the State. No one who examines them, with their offspring about them, can fail to share in this wish. They seem to combine all the qualities to be desired, in efforts to improve the character of our horses in Maine, more fully than any I have seen elsewhere. For speed, bottom, beauty, docility and power, it seems to me they stand unrivalled; yet thus far they have been little known, from their fact almost nothing has occurred to bring them into notice. The two named have been so in demand in Massachusetts that the owner has had no motive to expend much effort in their introduction to our Maine farmers, who have not been accustomed to pay more than one-fourth or one-fifth of the price for a colt that these command in the vicinity of Boston. One of the colts, "Ethan Allen," now 5 years old, this season divides his time between Saccarappa and Portland. He is a colt of great power and speed, and seems likely to attain a larger size than either of the others. The groups of colts now coming forward are full of promise, and I hope they will be measures adopted to bring them into notice at our State and county fairs the coming autumn.

PREMIUMS.

NORTH FRANKLIN AG. SOCIETY.

The annual Show and Fair of this Society will be held at Strong, September 28th and 29th, 1859.

NEAT STOCK, HORSES AND COLTS.

Best pair working oxen, \$250, 2,000, 1,500, 1,000; best cow, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000, 750; 1 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 2 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 3 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 4 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 5 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 6 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 7 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 8 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 9 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 10 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 11 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 12 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 13 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 14 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 15 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 16 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 17 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 18 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 19 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 20 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 21 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 22 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 23 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 24 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 25 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 26 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 27 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 28 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 29 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 30 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 31 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 32 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 33 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 34 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 35 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 36 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 37 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 38 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 39 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 40 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 41 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 42 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 43 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 44 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 45 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 46 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 47 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 48 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 49 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 50 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 51 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 52 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 53 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 54 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 55 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 56 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 57 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 58 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 59 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 60 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 61 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 62 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 63 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 64 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 65 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 66 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 67 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 68 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 69 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 70 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 71 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 72 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 73 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 74 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 75 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 76 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 77 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 78 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 79 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 80 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 81 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 82 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 83 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 84 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 85 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 86 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 87 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 88 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 89 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 90 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 91 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 92 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 93 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 94 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 95 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 96 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 97 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 98 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 99 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 100 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 101 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 102 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 103 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 104 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 105 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 106 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 107 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 108 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 109 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 110 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 111 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 112 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 113 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 114 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 115 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 116 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 117 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 118 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 119 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 120 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 121 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 122 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 123 yr. old steers, \$1,750, 1,500, 1,250, 1,000; 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THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1859.

CHANGE OF TIME FOR STATE FAIR.

The Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, at their meeting last week, voted to change the time of holding the Fair from the 13th of September next to the 20th. They have done this on account of the State election coming on the 13th. The Fair will therefore be on the 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d of September. Will the several editors give publicity to this change of time?

E. HOLMES, Sec'y.

THOUGHTS ON FLYING, AND FLYING THOUGHTS.

Man has never been satisfied with his natural situation. He was made to walk on two legs. This mode of getting along was too slow, and so he domesticated the horse, which had four legs, and rides him. This contented him for a few centuries, but he, in time, found out that steam could be harnessed into a locomotive and beat the horse, and he is now threading the earth over with railroads, on which to run locomotives that he may hurry through the world quicker than by horse-power. He has pressed electricity into his service, to carry news from one end of the earth to the other in less than no time, and he could take a thunder-bolt, so as to make it manageable, he would throw his locomotive one side and go through the world on a streak of lightning and lightning and grumble then because it was too slow. For a long time the fishes and the seals of the ocean, beat him. They could travel in and through the ocean, but he couldn't. He soon, however, found out how to make boats, and then ships, and finally steamboats and diving bells and such like contrivances, so that he gets along pretty well in and through the water, considering that he has neither fins nor gills of his own to enable him to play the fish without something to keep the water out of his throat and nostrils. But one part of creation has hitherto beat him. The birds can fly, and he cannot. This has been a sore trouble to him, and for more than a hundred years he has been taking his wits to invent something that shall enable him to fly in the air. The balloon has served him to gratify his curiosity, as well as to give him a little insight into the philosophy of aerial navigation, and teach him some of the requirements of life above the clouds. By little and little, the knowledge of these things has accumulated until there seems some probability that he will ultimately succeed in accomplishing voyages to and from different sections of the earth through the air. The recent voyage of Mr. Wise and his companions from St. Louis, in the balloon "Atlantic," which had been built for the purpose of coming to the coast and then going to Europe, seems to forebode a degree of success. It is true that they met with a hurricane, that founded them near and sunk them down into a woods in New York, from which they escaped; but even this disaster will increase the knowledge of the requirements, and add valuable experience to that already gained. Professor Wise found all his hopes of success, on a discovery that he believes to have made in the course of his many balloon ascensions into the upper regions, viz. that there is a constant current of air, or wind,—say eastward, and therefore, if you get into that current with a balloon, you will be carried easterly by this current. His balloon had apparatus in the form of fans, or wheels on each side, by which it could be veered to the right, or left, while it was floating along in this easterly current. The experiment thus far corroborates his theory, and it is pretty much all that is as yet known in regard to it. Whether there is only a single belt or stream of air passing easterly over the whole upper regions of the globe, or whether there is in another section a similar current tending in an opposite direction, seems to be as yet not known. If there is but one current, and that constantly blowing easterly, it is evident that if a man passes from Boston to London in a balloon, the only way he can return in it is to go ahead,—or, in other words, pass around the globe and come over on the other side. This will make rather a long voyage of it. We have no doubt, however, that in progress of time ballooning, or aerial navigation, may become successful.

It is evident that there is much to learn in regard to it. It is evident also, that the experience which has been gained by navigating the waters can be of but little service in this. In navigating the waters, two elements are employed, viz. a thin and elastic fluid—the air—above, and a dense fluid—the water—below. While the air above serves as a motive power—the water beneath acts as a resisting medium to push against, but at the same time sufficiently yielding to enable the ship to be steered by suitable apparatus this way or that, at pleasure. It is not so with the balloon. This is surrounded on all sides, and above and below, with but one subtle elastic fluid, and it has no denser, but yielding medium to press it free, or to resist against, to turn it this way, or that, let the wind be which way it may. It must follow the general course of the current, though it may be swerved to the right or left within that current. But we think, nevertheless, that the time will come when this difficulty may be overcome, and the balloonist be enabled to steer in any direction. Whether, when this is done, it will become of great practical use to the world, is another question. But in order to gain knowledge to do it, it will be necessary to let nature guide. And what are some of the lessons which she is giving, and giving too every moment, in the living example of the birds of the air? What requirements are necessary to enable the birds to fly higher and higher? First, buoyant power, by which their weight, or gravity, is overcome, and second, the appendage of wings and tail by which to steer themselves as long as that buoyant power is kept up. The buoyant power is obtained in balloons by using gas. The steering power is a desideratum not yet attained. It is said that the bulk and weight of the balloon, compared with its buoyant power, is out of proportion to that of birds, and hence the currents of air have greater comparative action over it, than it does on birds. This may be, if you compare a balloon with a swallow, but suppose you take the largest birds, and the difference will become much less. We have no doubt at all that if Prof. Wise, or any other aeronaut, should send to the Andes and get a flock of condors and have them skillfully directed, and their whole organization thoroughly ascertained, and the whole mechanism of bones, feathers and muscles fully investigated, and the duty each part performs sought out, he would obtain knowledge that would be of immense service to him in the construction and management of a balloon that would meet many requirements which he cannot now meet, and which would hasten the success which is now so earnestly sought. These remarks may seem visionary to some, but at the present stage of the world's

progress it seems dangerous to doubt the successful accomplishment of almost any imitation of nature that man really undertakes.

Fourth of July. The celebrations of the Fourth of July were quite numerous in this State. In Bath they had a collation, toasts, speeches, a regatta and trial of engines. We should like to copy the toasts, which were good, but have not room. Hon. Henry Tallman responded to the sentiment "where freedom of thought and opinion shine man cannot endure slavery;" Hon. Elisha Clark responded to that devoted to "our State government;" and J. T. Gilman, Esq. to the one in honor of James Buchanan.

For the regatta there were nine entries. All the boats made good time. The first prize of \$30 was taken by the Ripple of Wiscasset, the second of \$20 by the Comet of Thomaston, and the third of \$10 by the Rhode Island of Westport.

The trial of engines was confined to five tubs, playing through 300 feet of hose. The Dudge of Bath played, 138, 140, and 167 feet, and took the first prize of \$60; the Androscoggin of Topsham, played 131, 132 and 152 feet, and took the second prize of \$25.

In Bangor the procession consisted of four military and ten fire companies, with other societies and associations of the city, followed by a floral exhibition of 2000 children. The collection tables presented a line of plates five thousand feet in length. A Poem was recited by David Barker, and speeches were made by Senator Hamlin, John A. Peters, Israel Washburn, Judge Hathaway, and others. The Androscoggin Railroad was regally towed, and the music of "Jordan's a hard road to travel," played in response. The contest of fire engines resulted in awarding the first prize of a \$100 silver trumpet, to Waterville No. 3, of Waterville; and the 2d prize of a \$75 silver trumpet, to Excelsior No. 2, of Upper Stillwater. The Waterville played 212 feet and the Excelsior 204 feet horizontally, through 200 feet of hose. The Eagle Fire Company No. 3, of Bangor, was presented with a splendid banner, by Jeremiah Fenn, Esq. in behalf of the friends of the company. The brilliant day was succeeded by an evening made brilliant by fire works.

In Gardiner the celebration was conducted in the old fashioned way, by an oration, in which Hon. O. A. Brewster, of Boston, is said to have been filled with the spirit of the occasion. The crowd was variously estimated at from seven to ten thousand. The Gardiner Band, the Lewiston Light Infantry, Masonic Fraternity, Sons of Temperance, Waterville Cadets of Temperance, Floral array (a magnificent spectacle), and crowds of citizens mingled in procession. Dinner was served in the Agricultural Hall, where toasts and speeches succeeded. The Governor was present and responded to a toast for "the State of Maine."

A contest of fire engines was contemplated, but only one tub played—the Victor of Kendall's Mills. It played 183 feet, through 150 feet of hose, and was tendered a \$100 silver trumpet, but declined to receive it.

In Portland, also, the celebration was conducted on a most liberal scale, including regatta, target-shooting, ballooning, &c. &c.

Sabbath School celebrations were observed in the north part of Augusta, in Pittston, Bethel, Kennebunkport, Farmington, Wilton, Phillips, Keegan, &c. &c. In Chester, Eastport, Rockland, Castine, Calais, Lewiston, Albany, Newry, Skowhegan, and Gorham, the day was also observed with more or less of life and festivity.

POLITICAL. Both of the two political parties of this State have made their nominations for Governor. The Democratic Convention, held at Bangor week before last, nominated Manasseh H. Smith of Warren, on the second ballot, by a vote of 367 to 274 for Ephraim K. Smart. Bion Bradbury, Amos M. Roberts, George F. Shepley and E. Wilder Parley, were chosen delegates to the Presidential Convention. "Popular Sovereignty" resolutions were passed. The delegates are said to be divided equally between the administration and Douglas men.

The Republican State Convention, held at Portland last Thursday, re-nominated Lot M. Morrill of Augusta, by a vote of 596 to 14 for other persons.

The Androscoggin County Republican Convention, held at Auburn on the 6th inst., made the following nominations:—Edward T. Little of Auburn, Judge of Probate; Augustus Sprague of Greene, County Commissioner, and Philip A. Briggs of Auburn, County Treasurer.

The Oxford County Democratic Convention, held at Paris July 4, made the following nominations:—For Senators, Alvin Black and Francis Whitman; for County Commissioner, Thomas J. Cox of Dixfield; for County Treasurer, Charles T. Mellen of Paris.

STORMS. The storm which visited Augusta on the 2d inst., and gave the oldest inhabitant new ideas of the flood, was a mild affair compared with heavenly visitations in other localities. Alexander, in this State, was visited with a tornado, accompanied by lightning and rain, destroying a portion of a farm, carrying the sand and gravel over about three acres of grass, and leaving gulches five feet deep in the road. The rocks and earth were piled in some places six feet. Fences and fields were badly damaged.

In Milo, on the 5th, a similar movement of the elements prostrated unfinished houses and killed cattle.

In ten towns of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on the night of July 2, the thunder storm did damage to the amount of \$60,000. Bridges were swept away, canals broken, dams lost, roads washed, houses struck by lightning, &c.

In Portsmouth, N. H., on the 5th, the lightning struck in several places, and several persons were rendered for a while insensible.

WE are in the frequent receipt of extended obituary notices, poems, &c., sent to us for publication in the *Farmer*. We cannot of course fail to sympathize with the feelings that prompt the desire to notice the death of friends; but it is simply impossible for us to find room for them all, and hence the rule, long since adopted, to decline their publication entirely. This, we trust, will satisfactorily explain the non-appearance of several articles which have been sent to us recently.

IN speaking of the management of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad, the *Bath Times* truly says:—

"Mr. Chisham came upon the road a stranger, comparatively to most of the people on the route, but by his affable manners, his gentlemanly courtesy and his accommodating spirit, he is winning for himself a reputation of which any man may well justly be proud."

The people of Bangor are considering the subject of establishing a Reform School for indigent boys. A gentleman of that City bequeathed \$20,000 for that purpose, to be paid when a like sum shall be given by the City. As the testator left his family in straitened circumstances, the *Times* intimates that the bequest may be refunded.

A STRAWBERRY. We were presented the other day with a strawberry from the garden of Mr. F. Nelke, Chemist street, measuring in circumference 4 inches. Large as it was, however, we found no difficulty in disposing of it to good advantage.

The Post Office at West Bangor in this State has been discontinued.

THE WAR.

Every week records an important advance on the part of the French Emperor towards expelling the Austrians from Italy. The last supplies with information of the battle which took place the numbers engaged and the numbers slain is the most important battle of the century. The forces on each side were about 150,000—a total of 300,000—nearly twice as many as engaged at Austerlitz, and bearing a similar proportion to those who decided the fate of the first Napoleon at Waterloo. This great battle which has passed into history as the Battle of Solferino, was fought in the province of Mantua near the foot of Lake Garda, between the rivers Mincio and Chiese. Easterly of this battle ground and of the river Mincio, is the famous "quadrangle" of the Austrians, namely, the four strongly fortified towns of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, and Legnano. It was supposed that the Austrian army would conclude its great retreat by taking position within these strongholds and awaiting the assault of the pursuers; but the world was disappointed in seeing them face about just as they were about to enter their strongholds and make a stand on the east of the Mincio. There they were again dispersed, all their positions taken, with 7000 prisoners, together with 30 cannon and three flags. The Austrians consequently resumed their tactics of retreat, as the French really were, and where, in the morning, Francis Joseph directed the assault, Louis Napoleon at night wrote his dispatches.

Says the New York Post:—This remarkable retreat of the Austrians through Lombardy, with the French pursuing them almost on their very heels, can scarcely be instanced in history; and their hurried evacuation of the various towns, fortified and otherwise, appears to be the result of a sudden panic rather than of any well-defined plan. Indeed, it is rumored that the Austrian garrison had not left Bergamo over a couple of hours before a message arrived from the Emperor Napoleon, ordering the troops to maintain their position at that point at any cost. Yet even had the French, with all their brave impetuosity, been in the position of the Austrians, it is doubtful whether they could have fared much better. The Austrian army in Lombardy was in the condition of a hostile army in a foreign country, instead of an army trying to hold its position in its own territory before an invading army, as the French really are. The sympathies of the people were with the invaders, and the Austrians were paralyzed by fear of treachery—as they would call it—on every side. Such was the moral and physical position of the army.

"Onward they drove in fearful phalanx, Pursued and pursued."

The Austrians fell back out of Lombardy into the Venetian territory, and unless something was done to stem the tide of retreat, and the onward march of the French, the Austrians would, in a few more days, have been expelled from Italy. Then, instead of retreating within the fortresses of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnano, as expected, they suddenly turned, as if with despairing desperation, upon the pursuers, and thus occurred the greatest battle of this war—the battle of Solferino.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY. The new administration of Great Britain is regarded with uncommon interest by the world at large on account of the war question. It is composed of liberals who have heretofore differed widely from each other—the old whigs, the new whigs, the Peelites, and the Independents each contributing to their share of talent and influence. Its first two members, Palmerston and Russell, have been, at times, directly opposed on the most prominent questions of governmental policy. The Crimean war afforded a memorable instance. The liberal journals of Great Britain, however, express great confidence that the Cabinet will work harmoniously. They expect from it a speedy parliamentary reform, and general administrative efficiency. The Illustrated London News thus defines its position upon the European question:—

"An honorable neutrality in the war between France and Austria, and a refusal of sympathy to any Power, or support to any combination of Powers, that would replace an old despotism in Italy by a new one; that would oust the Austrians or oppressors only to install the French; or that would not oppose, by word and deed, any Power of Europe, great or small, which should strive to enlarge its dominions at the expense of its neighbors."

The recent proclamations of the Emperor of France and the King of Sardinia being in tone with the principles which are thus stated as governing the British Cabinet, the enemy of Austria must change its attitude before the world before it can have anything but the sympathy of England.

KANSAS GOLD MINES. Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune, and A. D. Richardson of the Boston Journal, in a joint letter to the public, dated Gregory's Diggings, near Clear Creek, in the Rocky Mountains, June 9, say they have visited nearly all the mines in that valley—that there is gold there, and that it has been dug with some success, but there are 5000 persons in that ravine, hundreds are daily arriving in, and tens of thousands have been passed on their (G. and R.) journey to the place of writing. That supplies to furnish all these have to be hauled 700 miles, over bad ways; that by the middle of October the whole region will be frozen up and snowed over, to remain so for six months; and that none can escape great suffering who do not go with ample means to support them through a long and tedious winter.

IMPROVEMENT IN STEAM POWER. Mr. F. Blanchard, of Waterville, has lately perfected an important improvement in steam power. The Portland papers give an account of an experimental trip in their harbor, which was very successful. The use of a chimney is dispensed with entirely while running, and the heat that usually passes off from the top of the smoke pipe, sometimes at so high a temperature as to ignite the gases, is made available to do duty in the engine. The quantity of fuel saved is more than one-half.

ALLEGED ROBBERY. The Bangor *Living* reports that an old man named Knapp, living in Bradley, claims to have been robbed of \$4,100 in Vazie Bank bills on the night of July 7.

The old gentleman is quite decrepit, and hardly able to take care of himself, we understand. A singular feature of the case is that a notice is said to have been given in some way, a week or two ago, that the house would be robbed; and two sons of Mr. Knapp, who lived near him, subsequently watched for the robbers.

HANCOCK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The Trustees of the Society will hold another meeting at Ellsworth on the 16th inst., to make further preparations for the Exhibition in October.

At the former meeting of the Trustees, by their vote, authorized the payment of ten cents per mile for travel for imported stock, on which premiums may be awarded at the Exhibition in October next. And also, the payment of five cents per mile for all native stock, on which premiums may be awarded.

The prizes for the best specimens of Ladies' Riding, will be determined at this meeting.

BANGOR SEMINARY CHAPEL. The sum of \$1175 has been contributed since May for the completion of this chapel, there remaining but \$1000 more to be raised to meet the contract for finishing the edifice.

THE Bethel Courier thinks the new cents a nuisance indeed, as they cheat him into the fancy of possessing dimes, when he has not even a red cent.

See the last page of this paper for an account of Prof. Wise's balloon voyage; and also interesting war intelligence.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

For the Maine Farmer. Mr. Editor:—The perusal of "Wayside Notes" in your paper of last week, suggested the idea of doing a similar work for this region. On the 6th inst., I passed across several farms with which I was familiar fifty years ago, having hoot, mowed and raked many a day thereon. I never saw the growth of grass more luxuriant. In many places it stands from two to three feet high, and so thick that the yield, at first cut, will be nearly three tons to the acre, except where it was killed by the ice of winter—an inconvenience of which I hear much complaint. How this can be guarded against, I am not prepared to say, but I presume it might be, by taking notice of it in due season. It is a great disappointment to get only two tons of hay where four would have grown, had it not been for a few parcels of ice that formed and laid too long thereon.

The corn fields are much less promising than they used to be when we were killing in July; then the larger stalks would stand as high as my shoulders—now they are only up to my knees; but the general aspect is healthy and vigorous. I admire a beautiful field of Indian corn. I look upon it as the queen of crops for New England. Its product is so good—and then it leaves the land so well prepared for almost any other crop. I know of no crop that hesitates to grow after it, given proper culture and proper fertilizers.

The orchards promise a meagre yield. Scarcely one tree in ten will give any apples at all; many of them have died limbs and blighted leaves. The cause of these things I will not presume to state; the facts are enough for my pen.

Such is the present aspect of crops in Essex county, Massachusetts. I thank you for giving place to my hints about "milk and butter"—from many little things some large ones may be learned; and if I mistake not, we shall learn that as good "Old New England" can be reared on the hills of our own New England, as can be imported from Scotland, Ireland, or any other region, and at less than one-half the cost. P.

July 8, 1859.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER. This sturdy old veteran in the cause of agriculture has had a new accession to its proprietary and editorial staff by uniting Mr. RUSSELL P. EATON of this city to its management, he taking a one third interest in the establishment. Mr. Eaton is a son of Russell Eaton, Esq. and a young man of sterling character, who was until quite recently news and miscellaneous editor in this office, a place which he filled acceptably for several years. The occupation of his life, hitherto, has been precisely such as to prepare him for success in the labors of his new position, which he undertakes not with the doubts and fears of a neophyte, but with the confidence of tried and approved strength. We wish the *New England Farmer* all the luck which its great excellence as a journal deserves and all the more because of the worthy name added to its imprint. Mr. Norton has also relinquished one-third of the paper to Mr. Albert Tolman.

Capt. Pendleton, of the Bark Sarah Park, publishes a statement of the circumstances under which the occurrences happened for which he was tried and acquitted of murder, by the Court at San Francisco. The substance of the statement is that the crew which he shipped at Cardiff, proved to be utterly incapable of performing their duties, and were also mutinous and quarrelsome,—that their being put upon allowances of food grew necessary out of their greed and wastefulness; and that the punishment to which they were subjected, though he acknowledges it to have been too severe, was in consequence of their being exasperated by their prolonged idleness.

Among the marital notices of the *Maine Farmer* of the week we find the following piece of "anti-mated" news which surprises us amazingly:—

John Nutting of Bridgton, to Annie E. Hensley, of Auburn, [The Bridgton Reporter, one of our editors Mr. Nutting is, claims to be more animated than ever.] Now we don't know before, that our name was Nutting, and we have not the pleasure of being even acquainted with "Annie E. Hensley of Auburn," although we don't doubt we should be charmed with her. Wasn't Nutting of the Bethel Courier intended—Bridgton Reporter.

Oh yes—the *Maine Farmer* acknowledges the mistake it made, and would beg pardon if any harm was done. There are two smart little papers up country lately started, which we hardly know from each other. Both are "estimated"—one is more so—and we are glad the Bridgton man is an honest one who is content with his own possessions.

MR. TAPPAN'S SCHOOL. Mr. Winthrop Tappan of this city, it we understand, about to open, in Philadelphia, a school for young ladies, designed to afford a limited number of pupils the requisite facilities for obtaining a substantial and accomplished education. The course of instruction will include the French and English languages, mathematics, natural science, history, mental and moral philosophy and belles-lettres. Latin, Greek, Spanish, German, and Italian will also be taught to such as require it, and also music, drawing, and painting.

Mr. Tappan's culture and experience are a sufficient guarantee of the success of his undertaking.

TROTTLING. At the Skowhegan fair grounds, on the 4th, Jonah Night's g. Tiger took the prize of \$75, against three competitors, in three straight heats—time, 2:51, 2:49, 2:48. R. Harville's colt Norman, took the purse of \$30 against one competitor, in two straight heats—time, 2:54, 2:49. D. M. Hobart's s. h. Northern Light took the purse of \$30 against two competitors in two straight heats—time, 2:50, 3:01.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY in Bangor occurs on Wednesday, the 27th inst. The examinations will commence on the Monday morning previous, and continue till Saturday noon. Sermon before the Alumni by Rev. John O. Fiske of Bath; address before the Rhetorical Society, by Prof. E. C. Smith, of Bowdoin College. Seminary Chapel dedication sermon by Rev. Dr. Chickering, of Portland.

TROPHIES. The Eastern Mail says that the Waterville Threes of that town possess three trophies won, as prizes in Fire Engine trials, and that a fourth one would have been theirs, at the recent trial in Bangor, if the award had been fair. But the Waterville boys can afford to rest upon their laurels. Three will do for the Threes.

BERGANT. On the 6th inst., the house of Gen. John L. Hodgdon, Bangor, was entered and the sleeping room of himself and father robbed of \$62 in money. A note for \$50 and a check for \$400 were also taken, but the payment of the check has been stopped. The robber has not been found.

AGENT IN THE FIELD. Mr. V. DARLING, canvassing and collecting agent for the *Farmer*, will call upon subscribers in York county during the present month, with bills for arrears due on the paper.

See the last page of this paper for an account of Prof. Wise's balloon voyage; and also interesting war intelligence.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. The sixth volume of this popular dictionary of general knowledge, edited by Geo. Ripley and Chas. A. Dana, has been issued by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. The volume includes about 800 pages of encyclopaedia in double columns of Bourgeois type. Its range is from Cough to Education, and embraces some 2000 topics, each one being the subject of an essay by a master in the department of science or learning to which it relates.

We have been favored with a list of a portion of the contributors to this volume. The list embraces fifty-nine American scholars and essayists. We make a few selections: The article on Orville Dewey is by Dr. Henry W. Bellows; that on Thomas Downe by Edward Everett; on Demosthenes by Prof. C. C. Fulton; G. W. Curtis by Sidney H. Gay; Druids by Parkes Godwin; Dickens by Geo. S. Hillard; Dante by J. R. Lowell; Danish Literature by Hermann Rastke; Lodovick by J. R. Thompson. The volume is rich in biography. As an example of its fullness, it devotes fifteen hundred lines to Dante, and even some 200 to Daniel S. Dickinson, a New York politician.

The volume contains Biographical Sketches of Rev. Dr. Cox, of C. Cranck, Wm. H. Croft, Elliott Croson, David Crockett, Rev. W. Cropper, Edwin Croswell, Rev. Harry Croswell, Rev. Wm. Croswell, R. R. Gordon Cummings, B. R. Curtis, G. T. Curtis, G. W. P. Curtis, Richard H. Dana, R. H. Dana, Jr., Felix O. C. Darley, Grant Darling, Andrew Jackson Davis, Chas. Henry Davis, Judge John Davis, Gov. John Davis, Duminski Joseph Donick, De Poyster (Family), Bernal Diaz, Thomas Dick, S. H. Dickinson, M. D., Bishop Doane, Sydney Dobell, Prof. Dod, Donistott, Thomas W. Dorr, Bennett Dowler, M. D., John Duer, W. A. Duer, Dr. Dangleman, M. D., A. B. Durand, Edmund Dwight, Bishop Eastburn; and articles on Credit Mobilier, Cuba, Dan, Damascus Babel, Dance of Death, Denmark, Dartmouth College, Daaf and Damb, Denistors, Dictionary, Distillery, Diving Bell, Divorces, Dwarf, Echo, Eclipse, Ecuador, Edinburgh Review, Education, &c. &c.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* calls attention to the fact that this Cyclopaedia is the first work of the kind which has done full and merited justice to Slavonian and other men of genius, of races but little known to the English reader. There is a vast number of literatures and men of science of a very high rank in Scandinavia and "Slavonism," who have long waited this tardy justice.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By the Author of "The Ogilvies," etc. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston, for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington st.

This is one of the few novels which we confess to have read through. The reader remembers the mooted question which agitated the literary journals when it first came out, namely, "Who is the author of John Halifax?" The author is a lady—Miss Muloch—who has given to the public half a dozen other works of great interest. The story of John Halifax depicts the entire life of its hero, from childhood to age, with natural vicissitudes of fortune. The "marriage" which is the grand climacteric of most literary ventures, is treated in the regular course of incident, coming off in the middle of the book, the change of all being reserved, in the book, as in life, for the season when "mortal puts on immortality." There is more of real life in the book than any novel we ever read, and in this respect also it surpasses most "biographies." For sale in Augusta by Chas. A. Pierce.

THE CAVALIER. A Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is generally conceded to be one of the best of Mr. James' many novels. As it is sometimes since its predecessor was given to the public, it is presumed that the superior excellence of the present work is partly due to the greater time given to its preparation. "The Cavalier" is founded on incidents which occurred in Cromwell's time, taking for its principal character, a young nobleman, a true cavalier, whose prototype will be easily remembered by those who have studied the history of the "Great Rebellion." The main facts are historical. The romantic close with the death of Cromwell. The solitary "horseman" which the critics generally see in the beginning of Mr. James' books, here excites a smile as the reader finds him at the end. He rides up to the foreground of the author's picture gaily singing:—

"Oliver Cromwell lies in his bed; The devil came after him before he was dead, And he went off to the other side of the world, And he left his bones to rot in his bed."

Peterson & Brothers have printed this volume from the author's manuscript, for which they paid \$1800. The work is accompanied by a steel engraved portrait of Mr. James.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF NEW ENGLAND. It will be seen by the advertisement that the first volume of this valuable work has been issued from the press and is now ready for distribution to subscribers. It comprises the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. We have examined the volume with some care, and have been surprised at the mass and accuracy of historical, geographical and other detail with which its pages are crowded. Every county and town is appropriately noticed, more or less at length, and no event or circumstance of importance connected with its settlement and growth seems to have escaped mention by the authors, who have devoted years of indefatigable and discriminating labor to the work. The book is elegantly printed and copiously illustrated with maps and other engravings in the best style of art. We most heartily commend it to the patronage of the people of Maine.

From the press of Harper & Brother, we have received an "Elementary grammar, Etymology and Syntax. Abridged from the octavo edition of the 'English Language in its elements and forms.' Designed for general use in common schools. By Wm. C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College." The author has made this work so simple in etymology and syntax as to be easily comprehended. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

MUSIC. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington st., Boston, have lately issued the following music:—

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment. Bonny Allene. T. Brigham Bishop. 25 The Captain. Words by W. J. Florence. T. Comer. 25

Arranged by Instrumental. Bonities of "Il Trovatore." Arranged by Ch. Grobe. 50

The Soldier's Polka. C. D'Albert. 35

Latin Rubber Polka. Jos. C. Foerster. 20

Carmina de Venies Polka. J. Ascher. 30

The music of Ditson & Co., is for sale in Augusta by Edward Fenn.

THE LITTLE PRO MONTELY. We have received the second number of this periodical, designed for children alone, but for the entertainment of entire family circle. It has 50 pages of illustrations to 58 of reading, and is cheap enough at 25 cents.

MOSQUITOES. An Antidote for the poison of mosquitoes, bees, wasps, and other annoying insects has been found in Burnett's Kalliton, prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. This preparation contains a peculiar property, which instantly neutralizes the poison, and allays the inflammation caused by bites and stings of insects.—Boston Journal.

A MODEST CELEBRATION. A correspondent furnishes us the following account of a pleasant celebration of the 4th, at the North Parish of this city. We should have liked to be present.

Augusta, July 11, 1859.

One of the most interesting anniversaries of our National Independence that we ever enjoyed was at the picnic in the pine grove owned by Mr. Elijah Lawson, in the north part of the city. A large number of people were present, and every facility kindly offered by Mr. Lawson to the citizens of the North Parish, for furnishing to their guests (the Sabbath Schools of Vassalboro' and Pettigill's Corner) an appropriate reception.

The School from Brown's Corner came to the grove in four long carriages, beautifully ornamented with wreaths and mottoes. The Pettigill's Corner School came in the famous carriage, "Rough and Ready."

The Schools were greeted by an appropriate introductory speech from Mr. G. T. Fletcher, which was heartily responded to by Mr. Charles Webster, Superintendent of the Vassalboro' School and Col. S. S. Brooks, Superintendent of the Pettigill's School.

Some fine music was furnished by the Vassalboro' choir, after which all gathered around a table loaded with luxuries, tastefully arranged by the citizens of the North Parish.

Appropriate addresses were made during the day by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Rev. Mr. Sanderson, Edward Fenn, Esq., John S. Sayward, Esq., Dr. Lincoln, and others. It is estimated that 500 people partook of the entertainment, and a most delightful harmony characterized the occasion.

Yours, X. Y. Z.

THE DUTTON CHILDREN. These little girls as will be seen by referring to an advertisement in this paper, give Leaves at Augusta next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon and also appear at Hallowell, Gardiner, Richmond, Brunswick, and Bath. The Boston papers state that forty thousand persons visited during their six weeks' Leaves in that city. By our exchange they are spoken of in the highest terms, and they attract overflowing houses wherever they appear. They unitedly weigh less than Gen. Tom Thumb, are 9 and 11 years of age, 26 and 28 inches high, and weigh only 13 and 15 lbs. and their dancing and singing is said to be very beautiful. The Boston *Traffic* says:—

"The 'Dutton Children' attracted a crowded audience yesterday afternoon; and in the evening there was a large attendance, to witness those minute specimens of humanity. They unitedly weigh less than Tom Thumb, and are the smallest children of their age in the world. Etta is 11 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 15 lbs. Dollie is 9 years old, 26 inches high, and weighs 13 lbs. They are both of a fair complexion, and are not the curiosity merely, but the heart; they win and attract sympathy and protection. Unlike the dwarf family, they are in no sense repulsive. Their propensities are good, and their features pleasing, but very pretty in motion they are graceful and agile as fawns. They are very confiding: will come into your arms, as they did into ours, and allow you to hold them up to the light, and to kiss them, and recite

Miscellaneous.

NOTES FROM THE BATTLE-GROUND.

[A recent number of the New York Evening Post contains letters from the seat of war, written by an American, a portion of which we venture here to copy, to the exclusion of lighter matter. They do much to give the reader a realizing sense of what the war is.]

IMPERIAL HEADQUARTERS.

NOVARA, June 3, 1859.

Novara is a beautiful city, having about it some of the finest scenery and importance which it does not possess at the present time; still the formidable ramparts and the remains of what was a very strong citadel gave an air of strength, while the beautiful houses and promenades render the city a most agreeable residence. Its position aside from the artificial defenses that it possesses, and one cannot but wonder how the Austrians could have surrendered the place without a struggle.

BATTLE-FIELD OF BUFALORA, June 5.

Nothing can give you an idea of the hideous repugnance of a battle-field the day after the conflict. My head swims and my nerves are so unstrung by the fearful spectacle that I find it difficult to collect my thoughts. I am seated under a cannon carriage, and an writing on the top of an Austrian shako. "This is a novel writing desk. When we reached the place the struggle commenced yesterday, we found that the wounded had already been transported from the field; but, at the early hour we arrived, the dead were still in every direction, in some places in heaps, in others we only saw a body here and there, but, at every step painful evidences of the battle were around us. The Austrians were in such majority that one scarcely noticed the French; they had mostly charged with the bayonet, and then, where we saw a French soldier he was surrounded by Austrians lying in every posture indicative of a violent death.

Before going on with the description of what I saw, I will relate to you how the battle of Buffalora commenced and ended. Three regiments of the Garde Imperiale, composed of Zouaves and Grenadiers, crossed the Ticino early in the morning, they advanced some two miles or more, and then perceived before them an Austrian force. They at once attacked them, not aware of their force, and drove them from the position they occupied. But the Austrians, who numbered over forty thousand, soon came back to the charge, and the French were obliged to abandon the village they had taken from the Austrians. Once clear of the place, the Garde again attacked. They could not bear the idea of retreating, and again did they succeed in driving back the Austrians and gaining possession of the village. Marshal Canrobert, who was commanding the troops, behaved in the most gallant manner; he rode to the front of the ranks he shouted, "En avant, mes enfans, en avant, La Garde vainc toujours." Six different times did the same thing occur; at last the fate of the poor French soldiers that faced such an overwhelming number seemed decided; they had gained possession for the sixth time of the village, but they had lost a great many men, and, if not reinforced, stood a chance of being annihilated. Just then the Austrians retreated in all haste, and the French remained masters of the place. Further along I will account for this sudden retreat. The Emperor drove the whole of the engagement remained near the combatants. He was earnestly requested by his staff to seek a position less exposed, but he remained where he had first stopped. As the affair progressed he conversed with the soldiers and the wounded officers that passed by him.

It was at nightfall when the Austrians retired, so precipitately that the Emperor returned to his headquarters at San Martino. This morning he transferred his headquarters to Magenta. Near the village where the desperate struggle had just been speaking of took place, there is a deep and wide canal called the Naviglio Grande. On the banks of this canal, and in the water, lie hundreds of corpses. One sees on all sides the blue trousers and white jackets of the Austrians, who fell here in great numbers. In one place I saw eight Zouaves lying close to each other in a small ravine near the railroad. Around the eight dead Frenchmen I counted the bodies of two hundred and three Austrians. This will give you some idea of the dreadful slaughter that was made of them. The bayonet is the arm they dread the most. While under cover, or firing at a distance, they stand well, but the moment they see that the French troops are about to attack them with the bayonet they at once retreat. This accounts for the immense number of them that are killed. Also, it is a sad thing to see the mangled and other equipments of the dead piled up.

Letters and many little tokens of affection are taken in charge by some of the officers appointed to that duty; but still, when so many are killed, many things must necessarily be overlooked. I picked up one of the letters that were in piles near the mangled bodies of the French soldiers that were killed yesterday, and found it was a most affectionate letter from a mother to her only son. She concluded by hoping that the Almighty would allow her to see her only child ere he died. I dropped the letter with a heavy heart, and rejoined my companions, who were ready to continue our journey on to Magenta, where the great battle, the event of real importance, had occurred.

BATTLE-FIELD OF MAGENTA.

Two such visits in a day are enough to unnerve almost any one more accustomed to such sights than myself, and I must beg the indulgence of your readers if I am incoherent and disconnected in my account of a victory that will assume in history as much importance as any of the great battles of the first Empire. You will bear in mind that I mentioned further back the hurried retreat of the Austrians from Buffalora. It is thus accounted for: During the time that the forty thousand Austrian troops were engaged with the French, a large force (50,000) came up and lent their assistance to those who had begun the battle. All at once they found themselves attacked in their turn on their right flank. They at once retreated from Buffalora, and changing their position, they faced General McMahon, who, with twenty-three thousand French troops, had by order of the Emperor, given the day before, crossed the country and fell upon the Austrians just at the propitious moment. His attack was instantaneous, and he drove the Austrians from hill to hill and from bush to bush. On all sides, as we rode along the field, we saw the dead bodies of the Austrians, while here and there some poor wounded wretch was being taken up by the soldiers in search of the wounded. Look in whatever direction we might, we had before our eyes the painful evidences of the battle. Arrived here, we were overjoyed to find that we could go on to Milan by rail, the Austrians having retreated in such haste they had not time to destroy the track. At the depot of Magenta we found a train just starting to Milan with three thousand prisoners; the officer in command promised us that some would be reserved for us with the officers that were to go in the next train.

As a day of two hours was to occur, we had time to visit the village and gather from the officers present the particulars of the engagement. The Austrians took refuge in the buildings of the railway company, when hard pressed by the

French troops, and from thence they poured a constant fire of musketry upon their assailants, but the deadly bayonet found them out, and from house to house they fought their way until the village was gained and the whole of the Austrians had disintegrated and fled in every direction. The houses in the village are riddled with bullet holes, while some of them are quite in ruins, having been fired upon with the rifled cannon. The steeple of the church is pierced by two large holes. Several Tyrolean sharpshooters had taken refuge in this place, and kept firing away at the French troops. General McMahon, who came up at this moment, ordered that two of the cannons be fired at the steeple. Two balls struck it, piercing it through and through, killing many of the Austrians that occupied the steeple, and silencing the fire at once. While we were at the depot a carriage containing several Austrian officers of high rank was approaching. They had been captured this morning. The officer went to meet the prisoners, and treated them with a kindness and courtesy that was touching. He helped the superior officer (a colonel) to descend from the carriage, ordered that a surgeon come at once to dress his wound, and gave up to him the room he occupied. He then, with genuine and unaffected politeness, insisted upon the company of the other officers at breakfast. The poor fellows were visibly affected, and I assure you I was more touched by this exhibition of kindness and felt more unhappy than I had at the sight of the field of battle strewn with the dead and dying. After the meal we all returned to the depot, and arrived there, we were informed that the soldiers had seen some Austrians in the cellar; they were arming themselves, and were preparing to descend and take their prisoners. One of the Austrian officers went into the cellar, and soon came back with the prisoners. They had hidden there when the troops were defeated. I was told that there were at least a thousand Austrians thus hidden around and about the village. These men have been persuaded by their officers that the French always kill the wounded and prisoners that fall into their hands, hence their fright at being taken. Many of them, dangerously wounded, crawl into out-of-the-way places and die of the effects of wounds not attended to. The two whom I speak of as coming out of the cellar were famished and almost dead from thirst. As they came out, some of the soldiers were eating their dinner; they at once gave to the two prisoners their meat and wine. They treated them with the greatest kindness, thus imitating the example of their officers. In direct opposition of this conduct is the course pursued by the Austrians towards the wounded French that fall into their hands. The Croats and Tyrolean Chasseurs, especially, make it a point to massacre the wounded troops that fall into their hands. As a proof of this, a French officer who was knocked from his horse by a bullet was stabbed with a bayonet no less than five different times. Happily he will recover. The officer assured me that he saw the Austrians finishing the wounded; as he remained upon the ground, he saw them in several instances approach men who were wounded.

BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

A letter from a young non-commissioned officer to the *Sentinel* du Jour, dated Montebello, May 21st, is now translating:

"A eleven o'clock yesterday morning, we were in camp, about two rifle shots from Voghera, seated around a big kettle, in which a few slices of bacon in a large quantity of water were boiling for the infantry breakfast, when suddenly a brisk firing of rifles was heard in the direction of the heights of Casteggio. We sprang up, seized our arms and waited. For ten minutes we learned nothing; the firing continued, and we saw there was great animation in the advance guard. We were only two supporting companies—not much of a force in case of an attack. Our captain went hither and thither; the firing seemed to come nearer, but still there was nothing from the advance guard, and nothing from Voghera.

At last a horseman, in full gallop, with bare head and covered with mud and blood, passed near us. He wore a Sardinian officer's uniform, and as he spurred past us, he shouted 'To Arms! The Austrians!' and he disappeared at the turn of the road. Some of our men wanted to run, but the captain checked them, and he would have done it. We soon formed in line. Five minutes after the Sardinian officer passed, we heard the bugle sound the call to fight, and almost at the same instant Gen. Forey, with three sides, passed in full gallop.

Behind him, at gymnastic pace, followed the 17th Chasseurs, who rallied us, and a quarter of an hour afterwards we were posted as marksmen along a little river whose name escapes me. Our business was to protect the erection of a battery designed to play upon the head of the Austrian column. By direction of the lieutenant my twelve men and myself posted ourselves behind a little elevation, which perfectly masked our fire and sheltered us. We were hardly in our place, stretched out on the ground, when a party of Tyrolese, hidden by trees at the left, opened fire on our comrades, who were much more exposed than we were. In less than ten minutes it takes to write it, they had stretched fifteen of them on the ground. This put us in a fury. Without any concerted plan, and without saying a word, my men and myself rushed in the water, and ran with our bayonets upon the 30 or 40 chasseurs whom we saw, and behind whom were others. Our example was followed by three companies, and soon after by a battalion of the 74th. We were unfortunate. Received by a heavy fire we had to retreat, for we had no longer only some hundred Tyrolese to deal with, but a large column, not less than 8000 strong, which was advancing by the railroad embankment. Commandant Lacretelle ordered the retreat to sound, which enraged us. Happily we did not retire far; we were posted near Cusina-Nova, with orders to fire at will and as fast as possible. There for two hours, on our knees, standing up, hidden, exposed, running to right or left, or remaining stationary, we burned our first cartridges. We were not more than 250 meters (about 270 yards) from the enemy.

Our officers kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was, moreover, most prudent, for this murderous fire, so fatal to the white coats, did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated those dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV., they say, did the same at the beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will.

But this tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on the racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of the powder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes blood-shot and its look is fixed on the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

As I said above, our company did not suffer much. Our 21st lieutenant, M. R., was wounded just as he had brought down his third Austrian with the rifle of our Sergeant Major, who had been killed by two balls, one in the head and the other in the neck. Our artillery during this time, did wonders, and their balls made daylight through the ranks of the enemy, who, however, replied smartly.

All this ended as, perhaps, it ought to have commenced. Col. Dumoulin fell wounded from his horse. The men gathered round him; there was a cry 'Charge bayonets!' and we threw ourselves headlong on the Croats. They received us firmly, which increased the general rage. Lieut. F. cried 'Mes enfans! a la Croate!' and we turned the butt of our guns in the air. Disorder appeared in the enemy's ranks; we used the bayonet and drove them briskly to Montebello. There it was a different affair. They entrenched themselves in the houses, they fired from the windows, and short scaling ladders were needed to get at them.

Everywhere I saw the brave Gen. Bourat, fearlessly braving the balls. He went through the streets giving his orders, busy but always calm. I can see him yet, at the corner of a house surrounded by fourteen chasseurs; a captain had taken him out into the country and capture small bands of the Austrian soldiers whom they find wandering about the fields. There is a provision of government established here, and setting aside the terrible shooting that is always going on, perfect order is observed.

Before closing my letter, I have another great victory won by the French to mention. Yesterday the divisions of Generals Bazaine and Ladmorax, twelve thousand in all, attacked the village of Malignano occupied by thirty-five thousand Austrians, under command of General Benedek. These troops were to defend the village, as the retrograde retreat from Lodi, and as the convoys of munition and material passed through it. Of course, the object of the attack was to cut off the retreat from Lodi and lead into the village, and a narrow road to lead in front of the place was to be crossed, thus preventing any display of force. But at the word of command the First Regiment of Zouaves charged upon the troops that defended the bridge, and forced them to give way at once; the rest of the division then followed, and after two hours' fighting the French had taken twelve hundred prisoners, and were pursuing the convoys of munitions that were on the way. The Austrians lost an immense number of troops, who were killed, while, as I said above, the prisoners taken number twelve hundred. The loss on the side of the French does

not exceed three hundred killed and four hundred wounded. This seems unaccountable, but the fact is, the Austrians are completely demoralized, and lay down their arms the moment they find they are to be charged with the fatal bayonet. As I am writing the Emperor and King Victor Emanuel are passing through the streets on their way to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* is to be sung. I renounce attempting to describe the excitement of the inhabitants of Milan. DEAN.

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE.

From St. Louis to Jefferson City, N. Y. in 18 Hours.

Mr. John Wines, the aeronaut, communicates to the public the following account of his late balloon voyage from St. Louis, Missouri, to Jefferson City, N. Y.

It was intended to have started on this voyage on the 23d of June, but we were delayed in our preparations until the 1st of July. By 6 o'clock, P. M., the airship *Atlantic* was fully inflated, and while we were putting her in trim with ballast and provisions, Mr. Brooks, lessee of the St. Louis Museum, who had kindly volunteered to escort us over the Mississippi in his launch Comet, got ready for the occasion, and upon a signal agreed to accompany us. At 7:30, P. M., the *Atlantic* was ready to sail. Messrs. LaMountain and Gager, thinking some difficulty might arise at the start if they should attach the fan-wheels to the shafts and wheel-gearing, determined to omit that until we should be fairly under way next morning. Having had much experience in hard winds, and the perils of landing a balloon under such circumstances, we had constructed at St. Louis a good wicker-work car (which, with a good and strong concentric hoop, are life-preservers in these perils), which was suspended between the boat and balloon, and about eight feet above the former and within six feet of the hoop, so that the neck of the balloon hung in the basket-car whenever the balloon was fully distended. The boat contained 600 pounds of ballast, one bucket of water, one bucket of lemonade, with an abundance of bread and wine, poultry and sandwiches, besides delicacies too numerous to enumerate, furnished by kind friends. Mr. LaMountain took command of the boat and ballast, and took his place on one end; Mr. Gager took the other end, and took charge of the charts and compass; Mr. Hyde, local editor of the *St. Louis Republican*, took his seat in the middle, with note book and pencil, as historian. Although Mr. Hyde was not in the original programme, we unanimously agreed to let him accompany us, provided it would not interfere with our ultimate design; and as it was arranged that, under any circumstances, when the balloon should fail, the boat with its occupants should be disposed of, and myself or Mr. LaMountain should proceed with the voyage alone.

The basket contained 350 pounds of ballast, a barometer, wet and dry bulb, thermometer, besides a quantity of wine and provisions; and took my place in the basket and charge of the valve rope, and, as director of the general plan of the voyage, by the unanimous consent of the party agreed to this long delayed enterprise. I may say here that Mr. LaMountain took in charge a part of the programme that none but a cool head and a most accomplished aeronaut could be trusted with; and especially the night sailing. At 7:30, P. M. we set sail from the Washington Square of St. Louis, and our course at starting was north of east. When we got up and over the Mississippi and well underway, we saw Mr. Brooks land in a clear place, about sunset.

At 8:30 P. M., the shades of the evening shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis and the father of waters, though it continued light until after nine. Mr. LaMountain having suffered from sickness on Thursday, and being too unwell to work hard under a burning sun at the inflation, left much hard labor for me at that work. I submitted the whole thing to his charge for the night, with the understanding to have me waked whenever he wanted the valve worked, and he took it with alacrity. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon had become completely distended, and where we found the current due east. Here it became chilly, and Mr. LaMountain, as well as all of us, suffered from the change of air; and with all the clothing we could put on, it was still uncomfortable, though the thermometer stood at 42, and the barometer at 23, and this was the lowest of both the instruments during the whole voyage, except the crossing of Lake Ontario.

Mr. LaMountain proposed to take the lower current as long as it would take us to be few points north of east, and I told him to do as he deemed best, and report his reckoning in the morning. After bidding the party in the boat a good night and God speed, I coiled myself up in blankets, and laid down as best I could, and in a few moments was sound asleep, and knew of nothing but repose until 11:30, P. M.

At this time Mr. LaMountain again mounted for the upper-current; being desirous of making a little more casting, he hailed me to open the valve, as the balloon had become so tense, and the gas was rushing from the neck with a noise, but finding no answer from me, he suspected that I was being smothered in the gas, and he admonished Mr. Gager to mount to my car by a rope provided for that purpose, and Mr. Gager found me breathing spasmodically, but a good shaking and the removal of the neck of the balloon from my face, with plenty of pure cold air around me, soon brought me back to a knowledge of what was going on, and I resolved to sleep no more during the night.

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son, fair, slender and haughty. I saved his life and he scarcely thanked me.

I have not a scratch, thank God! Except my silver watch, lost in the tumult, and which I this morning replaced by the gold chronometer of an Austrian commandant, I have lost nothing. The prisoners that we made (I have counted more than eighty) are all pale, ragged and frightfully ugly. They were glad to fall into our hands. We went back and slept at Montebello. I slept happily in a barn. My greatest trouble is that my rifle, my pipe, and my pantaloons are out of order.

The Emperor came to visit the field of battle and to see the wounded. He warmly embraced Gen. Forey and Col. Cambriels, thanking them for the victory in the name of the whole army. P. S. I have just learned that I am to change my quarter-master's gold lace for that of sergeant-major. Perhaps you will be glad to hear this news, and I give it in all the fulness of my joy.

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The basket contained 350 pounds of ballast, a barometer, wet and dry bulb, thermometer, besides a quantity of wine and provisions; and took my place in the basket and charge of the valve rope, and, as director of the general plan of the voyage, by the unanimous consent of the party agreed to this long delayed enterprise. I may say here that Mr. LaMountain took in charge a part of the programme that none but a cool head and a most accomplished aeronaut could be trusted with; and especially the night sailing. At 7:30, P. M. we set sail from the Washington Square of St. Louis, and our course at starting was north of east. When we got up and over the Mississippi and well underway, we saw Mr. Brooks land in a clear place, about sunset.

At 8:30 P. M., the shades of the evening shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis and the father of waters, though it continued light until after nine. Mr. LaMountain having suffered from sickness on Thursday, and being too unwell to work hard under a burning sun at the inflation, left much hard labor for me at that work. I submitted the whole thing to his charge for the night, with the understanding to have me waked whenever he wanted the valve worked, and he took it with alacrity. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon had become completely distended, and where we found the current due east. Here it became chilly, and Mr. LaMountain, as well as all of us, suffered from the change of air; and with all the clothing we could put on, it was still uncomfortable, though the thermometer stood at 42, and the barometer at 23, and this was the lowest of both the instruments during the whole voyage, except the crossing of Lake Ontario.

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would tell him in what State we were sailing and he gave up the inquiry, with the remark that it must be over some other country than America, as we had been moving along at a rapid pace.

At 3 A. M., Saturday, we came to the general conclusion that we were somewhere over the State of Indiana or Ohio. At 4 A. M., we passed a city, but could not make it out, but at 5 A. M., we discovered Lake Erie before us, and then concluded that the city we left a little south of our track must have been Port Wayne. At 6 A. M., we passed Toledo, and about an hour afterward we lowered on the margin of the lake a little north of Sandusky. After a few moments consultation, and a review of our ballast, we determined to risk the length of Lake Erie, and to test the notion that balloons cannot be kept up long over water, because of some peculiar affinity of the two—a notion that never had any belief with me. Just as we emerged upon the lake, a little steam screw that was propelling up a river or bay headed for our track, and some one aboard of her very quickly cried aloud to us: "That is the Lake ahead of you." Mr. LaMountain cried back, "Is it Lake Erie?" and the answer was, "Yes, it is, and you had better look out." Our good friend, the propeller, finding that we discarded his kindness, rounded off again, sound as a good bye with his steam whistle, and went his way up the river.

Here we mounted up until the balloon got full, and the barometer fell to 23, in order to make along near the southern shore of the lake, but at Mr. LaMountain's suggestion, that we could make the City of Buffalo by sailing but a few hundred feet above the surface of the water, I opened the valve until we gradually sank to within 500 feet of the water. Here we found a gentle gale of about a speed of a mile per minute, and we resolved to float on it until we should have in sight of Buffalo, and then rise and sail over it. This was a most interesting part of our voyage. We overtook seven steamboats, passed mutual salutations, and would soon leave them flitting on the horizon in our rear. One of these lonely travelers remarked as we passed him, "You are going it like thunder." At 10:20 A. M. we were skirting along the Canada shore and passed near the mouth of the Welland Canal, and soon began to buffet for our most easterly current so as to take Buffalo in our track, but we circled up into the town of Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crossing Grand Island, leaving Buffalo to the right and Lockport to the left of us in our onward course. Finding ourselves in the State of New York, but too far north to make the City of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave out Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. LaMountain and myself pursue the voyage to a point at Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but before we got within a thousand feet of the earth we found a most terrific gale sweeping along below. The woods roared like a host of Niagara, the surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I told my friend certain destruction awaited us if we should touch the earth in that tornado. The huge "Atlantic" was making a terrific sweep upward; already were we near the top of the trees of a tall forest, and I cried out somewhat excitedly, "For God's sake have aboard anything you can lay your hands on at LaMountain," and in another moment he responded all "right," standing on the side of the boat with a shaft and wheels, intended for the working of the fan wheels and ready to leave it overboard if need necessary.

Mr. Hyde looked up to my car, and very solemnly said, "This is an exciting time Professor. What shall we do?" "Trust to Providence and all our energies," I said. I was fast running on to Lake Ontario, and O! how terribly it was foaming, moaning and howling. I said "LaMountain, I have 150 pounds of ballast in my car yet, and a heavy value, an Express Bag, (sent to the U. S. Express Company's Office in Broadway, New York,) and a lot of provisions."

"Well, if that won't do, I will cut up the boat for ballast, and we can keep above water until we reach the opposite shore," which was near a hundred miles off in the direction we were then going.

Here I handed my ballast down to LaMountain as we were rapidly mounting above the terrific gale, believing that for that course we should at least get out of its main track.

Everything now indicated that we should only be in the water or on the land; and our only salvation was to keep aloft until we got out of the gale, if we could. I said, "You must all get into the basket, if you want to be saved, should we ever reach the land. And I truly tell you that the perils of the land are even more terrible than those of the water, with our machines; and it would be easier to meet death by drowning than to have our bodies mangled by dashing against rocks and trees." By this time Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde had clambered into the basket with me. Mr. Hyde said very coolly, "I am prepared to die, but I would rather die on land than in the water." I said, "What do you say, Mr. Gager?" He replied, "I would rather meet it on land; but do as you think best." Mr. LaMountain was busily engaged in collecting what he could for ballast. Everything was now valuable to us that had weight. Our carpet-bags, our instruments, the Express Bag, our provisions, were all ready to go, and they did go, one after another, until we were reduced to the Express Bag,—that went overboard last.

We now descended the shore, some forty miles ahead, peering between a somber bank of clouds and the water horizon, but we were swooping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent water, and, in another moment, crashed went the boat upon the water side, staring in two of the planks, and giving our whole craft two fearful jerks by two succeeding waves. LaMountain stuck to the boat like a hero, but lost his hat, and got a dash of the waves, but soon recovered and threw over the express bag and the last remaining ballast, and cried out, "Be easy, gentlemen, I'll have her aloft once more." In another moment we were up a few hundred feet again, and the steam-propeller Young America was tackling across our track. I now proposed to swap the boat and balloon in the lake, and trust to being picked up by the Young America, but the desire was that we should make the shore, and try the land, and as we crossed the bow of the steamer they gave us a hearty hurrah. LaMountain had now cut out of the boat all he could, and we were within fifteen miles of the shore, the gale still raging below. LaMountain might have remained in the boat below and jumped out at the first touching the earth, and I saw no impropriety in that, as then we might have had another hour or two to wait the lulling of the gale; but he said he would share our fate, and he also clambered into the basket, just as we were reaching the land.

I saw by the swaying to and fro of the lofty trees into which we were inevitably dashed, that our worst perils were at hand, but I still had a blind hope that we would be saved. I ordered two men upon the valve rope, and we struck within a hundred yards of the water, among some scattered trees, our hook, which was of inch and quarter iron, breaking like a pipe stem at the first catch of it in a tree, and we hurtling through the tree tops at a fearful rate. After dashing along this way for nearly a mile, crashing and breaking down trees, we were dashed most fearfully into the boughs of a tall elm, so that the basket

swung under and up through the crotch of the limb, and while the boat had caught in some of the other branches, and this brought us to a little, but in another moment the "Atlantic" puffed up her huge proportions, and at once swoop away the limb, basket and boat into the air a hundred feet, and I was afraid some of the crew were impaled upon the sprags. This limb, about 8 inches thick at the butt and full of branches not weighing less than six or eight hundred pounds, proved too much for the "Atlantic," and it brought her suddenly down upon the top of a very tall tree and collapsed her. It was a fearful plunge, but it left us dangling between heaven and earth, in the sorrowful looking plight of machinery that can be imagined.

None of us were seriously injured, the many cords, the strong hoop made of wood and iron, and the close wicker-work basket saving us from harm, as long as the machinery hung together, and that could not have lasted two minutes longer.

We came to the lake, or rather tree of Mr. T. O. Whitney, town of Henderson, Jefferson Co., New York.

We will soon have the "Atlantic" rebuilt for what I hope, may prove a more successful demonstration of what we proposed to do on this interesting occasion. JOHN WINE.

Stanley Hall Albany, N. Y., July 3, 1859.

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